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THE
Impartial Satyrift.

Satyrift

A
P O E M.

*Captivum Line te, tenet Ignorantia duplex,
Scis Nihil, & nescis te quoque Scire Nihil.*

N O R W I C H:

Printed by *H. Collins*, near the *Red-Well*, 1715.

(Price 4d.)



Capitulum Line to, tenet Ignorantia duplici
Sic Nihil, & reseris te quodque Sive Nihil.

W O R N T G H
Printed by H. Collins, near the Red Inn, 1775.

(P. 1775)

The Impartial Satyrift.

I Sing no Foreign Bloody Wars,
 Fierce Combats, or Domestick Jars :
 Or will I tell in doleful Dumps,
 Of Heroes fighting on their Stumps ;
 Or yet of Babes who in a Wood
 Were lost, and starv'd for want of Food ;
 Or in lamenting Strains will blubber
 The Fate of some poor Amorous Lubber,
 Who for some crofs ill-natur'd *Phillis*,
 Has hang'd himself 'twixt Love and Malice :
 Or does my Muse design to prate
 On Revolutions of the State ;
 Tell who is in or out at Helm,
 To help to steer the giddy Realm ;
 Or does 't at all concern our Story,
 Whether K---g G----- be *Whig* or *Tory*.

Of witty Flights and witty Men,
 I now will sing : Assist my Pen
 Ye Powers ! Who late inspir'd *Jo. Hains*,
 With all his comic Flights and Strains ;

And still attends on merry Fellows,
 At Tavern, Brandy-shop, or Ale-house :
 Assist me now with all your Forces,
 Truth, Wit, and Mirth, to tag my Verses.
 Lend me a sharp, yet pleasant Sting,
 To lash their Vices : While I sing,
 Of O---d, F-----m, H---wk---s, P---ts,
 C---ss---g---e ; all known for mighty Wits :
 For Rhimes from ne'er so dull a Brute,
 Will dub him Wit without Dispute ;
 And he who's got a Book in Print,
 Is 'Man of Sense, whate'er there's in't.
 Thus judge the Mob : And we all know,
 If they once say't, it must be so :
 For what avails the Thinking Few,
 Tho' they have Arguments 'tis true ;
 But Argument's of no more Force
 To sway the Crowd, than tame a Horse :
 Nor are those Men at all to blame,
 Who choose the nearest Way to Fame.
 But lest my heedless Muse should ramble
 Into too tedious a Preamble,
 And spoil my Reader's Appetite,
 Instead of giving him Delight ;
 And like some canting formal Sinner,
 Make a long Grace to a short Dinner ;
 No longer will I prefacise,
 But thus the Witlings will chastise.

First i'the' List for being insipid,
 And dull ; Fam'd O---d is ycleped ;



A Witty Wight, a Learned Spark,
 A Lay-Divine, a L——r's C——rk,
 Dab'ler in Gospel well as Law ;
 And from both, such deep Secrets draw,
 Makes him as knowing and as wise,
 As *Adam* was in Paradise :
 That's, not to see 'twixt Good and Evil ;
 Half F--l, half K--ve, half S--t, half D---l :
 Thus half-bred Curs of Mungrel Nature,
 Are good for neither Land nor Water.
 With Rhiming too, he's got the Trick,
 To make his Readers all grow sick :
 And yet ('tis strange, tho' true) his Satyr,
 Whether in Prose or Rhime, no Matter,
 Is ('gainst its Will) a harmless Creature. }
 Thus, when most Malice fills his Mind,
 To's Adversary he's most kind ;
 And those he struggles to defame,
 Are sure of gaining a good Name :
 He'll strut indeed, and make a Pother,
 Bounce, and cry Coxcomb Weeks together ;
 As when of's Wit he op'd the Sluice,
 And fill'd the Wast of *Cross-grove's* News :
 But had he rail'd from that till this time,
 Who'd blame the Man that makes 'em Pastime ?

So Snake disarm'd of all that's hurtful,
 In Bran preserv'd, by Youth that's sportful,
 Will yet (to shew its evil Nature,
 And that 'tis still the self-same Creature ;
 Wanting in nothing, but the Power
 Of Hurting, which it had before)

Hiss, dart its barbed Tongue, and whisk
 its Tail, and stare like Basilisk :
 Enough at first to fright, yet after,
 Becomes the Object of our Laughter.

The next (who merits to be first,
 For none can tell o'th' Twain who's worst,
 In Comparison both found to be
 Of the Superlative Degree ;
 We therefore, saving *Priscian's* Pate,
 Second and Foremost shall him rate :)
 Is *F—m* high, of wond'rous Fame,
 For Prose that's rough, and Verse that's lame.
 A Mortal left unform'd by Nature,
 As a superfluous Piece of Matter ;
 Like o'er-plus Dough, when Pastry-cook
 Has finish'd all he undertook ;
 The Leavings of her Work, together
 Cram'd in one Lump, and hurl'd down hither ;
 Met in the Fall some Fiend of Darknes,
 Who for meer Spight informs his Carcass ;
 And thus he acts, 'gainst all Conviction,
 Mov'd by the Spirit of Contradiction :
 A Party-Maker, Politition,
 A Poet, States-man, Math'matician.
 A Wit he has so volatile,
 The nicest Search it would beguile ;
 So subtle, that it never cou'd
 Be seen, felt, heard, or understood :
 And yet this stiff, pert, o'er-grown Pigmy,
 Whom Nature meant as an *Ænigma* ;

This little prating *Tom-a-Doodle*,
 Who's us'd by all just like a Fiddle,
 To play upon a while, and then
 The Squeaking Tool's thrown by again;
 Fancies t' himself he has much Wit,
 Yet wond'rous shie of using it;
 (Unless 'tis now and then on chief-time,)
 For fear it should not last his Life-time:
 But as Folk use, to save their Sandals,
 Clogs, to save Wit, he uses Scandals:
 And as the Coiners of False Money,
 Are plaguy shie of Wearing any,
 But get some trusty Friend at Distance,
 To put it off for fear of Mischance;
 So he, when going to impose
 Upon the World his Trash; yet knows,
 Performances so rude and lame,
 Can merit very little Fame;
 Does therefore cull from out the Mob,
 Some trusty Friend to do the Job.

Fortune, tho' fickle as the Wind
 To some, to others still is kind;
 As if she mean't it as a Rule,
 To cross the Wife, and please the Fool.

No sooner has he in his Mind,
 Fix'd on the Method he desig'd,
 But she, to save him Pains and Labour,
 And shew how much he had her Favour,
 Points out (as fittest for the Work)
 His warp'ned Kins-man near the Kirk.

A Wight, who Nature made in Jest,
 For Sport and Pastime to the rest ;
 As Men make Maukins of old Rags
 On Taffy's-day, for Sport of Wags ;
 His Body sagely she design'd,
 The Hieroglyphick of his Mind ;
 Which, whoſo's skill'd in that deep Myſt'ry,
 May read as plain as in a Hiſt'ry ;
 A Doughty Spark, as I may tell it,
 As ſtrait as any Crooked-billet ;
 With Head of Wood, and Face of Braſs,
 A Conſcience ſear'd, quite void of Grace ;
 A faucy, noiſy, ſenſleſs Tool,
 Conceited, Impudent, and Dull.
 Survey the Inſect well, you'll ſee,
 A perfect Tragi-comedy :
 H' has ſometimes ſuch a Farce-like Sneer,
 And ſometimes ſuch a Hanging Leer ;
 And when to ſpeak (that is, to lie)
 The wad'ling Animal does try ;
 To hear him hiſs, yaw, ſpit, and ſplutter,
 Then make his Monkey Mouths, and chatter ;
 At once ſuch Paſſions does excite,
 As grieves us, while we laugh out-right.

This Dapper-Blade does keep and Ale-houſe
 To entertain all ſorts of Fellows,
 For Miſchief fit, or for the Gallows :
 Him therefore does his VVit-ſhip chooſe,
 To vend the Products of his Muſe :
 VWho does the utmoſt he is able,
 To ſcatter them among the Rabble.

Thus he who's not the least Pretence
To any Share of Wit or Sense
Of's own; shall Eunuch like, tho' Spade,
Be a Promoter of the Trade.

When Gentlemen of equal Worth
For Wealth, Parts, Learning, or for Birth,
Are to be nam'd; 'tis no great Matter
Which is the first, or which the latter,
Since all agree and hold for Right,
No Honour's lost, or gotten by't.

Thus, tho' fam'd *H-w-k-n-s* be the third
In Order nam'd; yet take my Word,
Of equal Merit with the best,
Of equal Fame too with the rest;
For Wit and Learning of the Class,
Of *Wbachum* in *Sir Hudibras*;
Than he, none e'er more like a Brother,
Or Spire of Grass more like another;
To Poetry he's so addicted,
I mean with Rhiming so afflicted;
(Rhimes! but such horrid, fordid Trash,
Would make a Ballad-finger blush;)
No Subject can (tho' e'er so mean)
Escape the Notice of his Pen.
He can, if Fame be not mistaken,
Compose a Poem on good fat Bacon;
And (tho' 'tis what has cost him dear)
Encomiums write on Fine Stale Beer:
But if a noted Spaniel die,

He'll write in any fort of Verfe,
 An Epitaph on a Dead Horfe.
 With Nonfense and hard Words together,
 He'll Pen a Satyr on foul Weather.
 Of Epigrams and Anagrams,
 And Rebuses, will fit all Names;
 He once a Month unloads his Scull,
 And crams his empty Pockets full;
 All which, with greateft Eafe are writ,
 With little, or no Pains, or Wit;
 And all in one Moon's Revolution,
 Are born and suffer Diffolution.
 In fine, he'll write what 'ere you want
 Extemp're ; *And make nothing on't.*

Sternbold and Hopkins, whose Learn'd Rhimes,
 Have stood the Test of Preter Times;
 Had quite excell'd the present too
 In their way, Great *H---mk---s!* but for you:
 That Task was left for you alone,
 Which had you mist, had ne'er been done:
 Nor can their Works with yours compare,
 But for the *Ekes* and *Also's* there.

To Lofty Flights, and Nervous Sense,
 Let others make their vain Pretence;
 You can, when ever you think fit,
 Work Miracles by Dint of Wit,
 Five Thousand once we know were fed
 With two small Fishes and some Bread;
 But to gorge hungry Folks (in Troth)
 With nothing but a naked Cloth.

Was never known i' th' World before,
 I' the present, or in Days of Yore.
 Nor could it cost small Pains (d' ye see)
 To find Five Hundred Slaves all Free.
 These Strains, and Twenty more like these,
 Found in your *Æthiopides* ;
 All fairly couch'd in so few Lines,
 Of inward Wants, are outward Signs.
 Such Nonsense cram'd in so few Pages,
 Of future Fame are bad Prefages.

Nor can we find i' the Poems you've writ,
 Less Want of Manners, than of Wit ;
 Ev'n Magistrates cannot be free
 From your vile, ill-bred Poetry ;
 In Language such, as if you'd late
 Took a Degree at *Billings-gate* :
 And thole who tend upon the Altar,
 You treat like thole deserve a Halter.
 Such filthy Rhimes, would make one think,
 Were scraul'd with something worse than Ink :
 But this peculiar Disaster,
 Ever attends our Poetaster ;
 Whether in Praise he writes, or Satyr,
 To th' Parties meant, 'tis no great Matter.

So should a Fish-wench, or a Car-man,
 Or any other such like Vermin,
 Abuse me in the Street, or praise me,
 'Twould never once depress, or raise me.

The Man in whom most Zeal abound,

And tho' a perfect *John-a-Nokes*,
 Thinks himself Wise 'bove other Folks;
 For he who is most Ignorant,
 Is still the last that knows his Want.

This Character, of all our Wits,
 The Scribling Pedagogue befits,
 Who, as we know good Wits will Jump.
 Happens to Chime in with the Rump.
 Of him we purpose next to treat,
 Him therefore 'tis the Muse thus greet.

Hail! Mighty Sir, thou Man of Sense,
 Who to all Knowledge mak'st Pretence,
 And art in thy own vain Conceit,
 The only Judge of Parts and V Vit.
 Say, if we will but take thy V Vord,
 The only V Vit our Town afford.

Hail! mighty Genious of our City,
 A very V Vise, and *Eke* so witty!
 No Faults can 'scape thee, worth the mending;
 What e'er thou say'st, stiff in defending;
 And Mad-man like, maintain'st thy Errors,
 Who laugh'd, or hiss'd at by thy Hearers.

So he who's to a Falshood sworn,
 tho' he knew it well before,
 To credit him, he'll swear the more.

}

From *Machiavel*, *Hobbs*, *Blunt*, and *Lock*,
 You'll glean'd a very pretty Stock

Of Principles, o'th' newest Fashion,
 Are propagated thro' the Nation,
 To help a hopeful Reformation :
 VVhile Sacred VVrit (as worthles) lie
 Forgot, Despis'd, Neglected by :
 And thus it is but very rarely,
 If ever quoted, never fairly ;
 Believing it is no Offence
 To carp at, or to wrest the Sense.

Thus hurtful Books, with cunning Writ,
 Instil bad Principles with VVit ;
 VVhich Shallow Brains so much besot,
 That once imbib'd, they're ne'er forgot.

This makes him such a Dogmatist,
 And in Schismatick Schemes persist,
 VVith so much Vehemence defend
 The Cause to which he do pretend ;
 No Force of Argument can move
 Those Notions which he once approve.
For Obstinacy's ne'er so stiff,
As when 'tis in a wrong Belief.
 For which, and's Zeal, (tho' ne'er so tainted
 VVith Vice) he's by the Party Sainted.

At the *Holy Trinity* he'll cark,
 Taught by the Rev'rend Doctor C---k ;
 By whose, and Honest Ben's Assistance,
 Extols the Virtue of Resistance :
 Of Sov'reignty the Throne he'll Rob,
 Resolving all upon the Mock

in them he place his last Resort,
 Ungrateful they ! ne'er thank him for't :)
 While K---gs de facto, or de Jure,
 are but their Vassals, he'll assure ye.

But he who Sov'reign Pow'r will place,
 not in the Prince, but Populace,
 will find (if once possess'd) the Swarm,
 just like the Snake, as soon as warm,
 exert the utmost of their Pow'r,
 on those that cherish'd them before.
 or tho' the Mob do walk erect,
 and boast themselves as Heaven's Elect,
 above but on two Legs, Brutes on four,
 yet prove worse Beasts, when arm'd with Pow'r.

C---sg---ve, not least, tho' last o' th' Tribe,
 the Muse now purpose to describe ;
 to him we give the Preference,
 for Ribaldry, Impertinence,
 and that great Gift call'd Impudence :
 by which alone he makes his Claim,
 and hopes to get his Share of Fame :
 for he that has but Impudence,
 to all things has a fair Pretence ;
 had put among his Wants, but Shame,
 to all the World he may lay Claim.
 thus stock'd, sets up for Sophister,
 the Mob's chief Dream Interpreter.
 asks Knotty Questions in the middle,
 and dark Enigma's does unriddle
 that one hidden Mystery

Of Rhiming too, he has his Share,
 His Verse for Brightness may compare,
 With *St---son*, *Ho---d*, such as they are :
 Nor will his Prose once bear the Touch-stone,
 You'd swear 'twas stole from *Matthew Buxton*.

When Wit and Rhime are both grown scant,
 With Railing he supplies the Want ;
 Which, for the Reason I've now hinted,
 Is ta'en for Argument, and Printed.
 We find him sometimes twice or thrice
 In a Page, exclaiming 'gainst this Vice ;
 Yet in the self-same Page, the Tool,
 Shall, in a raving Fit, call Fool.
 Thus, notwithstanding his Pretence
 To Modesty, and rigid Sense,
 He can't forbear (for Flesh is frail)
 (While Railing he explodes) to rail.

So a Town-Rake, with Oaths most Daring,
 Corrects his Fellow-Rake for Swearing ;
 And fancies that by doing so,
 He his bright Parts and Wit does show.

He is (tho' some account him shallow)
 A lamentable merry Fellow ;
 He'll tell a smutty Tale abstrusely,
 You'd cry to hear him do't so sprucely ;
 And when you read his Dying-Speeches,
 He's fit to make you piss your Breeches.

He has, besides these Qualities

In which he's got to such Perfection,
 He scorns to stop at a Detection;
 And if reprov'd by Men of Sense,
 Out-braves them all, by's Impudence.

So harden'd Wretches, more they're told
 To mend their Faults, grow still more bold;
 And 'stead of Thanks for good Advice,
 The Friend that gave it, they despise.

So harden'd Wretches
Agnes Lincoln
1721



F I N I S.

